

The Thought of God

Oh, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And stirs it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fire;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,
Through rough and straight the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

Oh, utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
I can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?
—Frederick W. Faber.



THE NIGHT RUN OF THE OVERLAND

IN THREE PARTS. PART 2. Copyright by McClure, Phillips & Co.

(Continued.)

"Be brave, girl!" he said encouragingly, though his own voice shook. "You have not to make seventy-five miles an hour, or better; but you've got the machine to do it with. Give her her head on all the grades except Four Mile Creek—don't be afraid—and give her a little sand on Beechtree Hill. Goodly—God keep you!"

As Sylvia stood beneath the great black bulk of iron and steel which drew the "Overland" and glanced down the long line of mail, express and sleeping cars, her heart almost failed her again. The mighty boiler towered high above her in the darkness and the steam rushed angrily from the dome, as though the great animal were fretting under the unaccountable delay.

"You are a brave little woman," she heard the superintendent saying at the cab-step. "Don't lose your nerve—but make time whatever else you do. Every minute you make up is money in the company's pocket, and they won't forget it. Besides," he added, familiarly, "we've got a big gun aboard, and I want to show him that a little thing like this don't frustrate us any. If you draw into Stockton on time, I'll add \$50 to that check!" And he lifted her up to the cab.

The fireman, a young Irishman, stared at Sylvia as she stepped into the cab, but she made no explanation, and a glance at the steam and the water gauges, climbed up to the engineer's high seat. The hand she laid upon the throttle lever trembled slightly—as well it might; the huge iron horse quivered and stiffened, as if bracing itself for its task; noiselessly and imperceptibly it moved ahead, expelled one mighty breath, then another and another, quicker and quicker, shorter and shorter, until its respirations were lost in one continuous flow of steam. The Overland was once more under way.

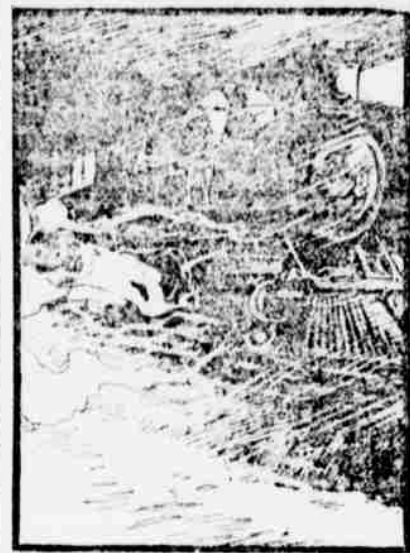
The locomotive responded to Sylvia's touch with an alacrity which thrilled her through and through. She glanced at the time table. They were twelve minutes behind time. The twenty miles between the Junction and Grafton lay in a straight, level line. Sylvia determined to use it to good purpose, and to harden herself at once to the dizzy speed required by the inexorable schedule. She threw the throttle wide open, and pushed the reverse lever into the last notch. The great machine seemed suddenly animated with a demonic energy, and soon they were shooting through the black, storm-beaten night like an avenging bolt from the hand of a colossal god. The headlights—so dazzling from in front, so insufficient from behind—danced feebly ahead upon the driving cloud of snow. But that was all. The track was illuminated for scarcely fifty feet, and the night yawned beyond like some engulfing abyss.

Sylvia worked with the fireman with a fine intelligence which only the initiated could understand; for an en-



"You are a brave little woman."

gine is a steed whose speed depends upon its driver. She opened or closed the injector, to economize heat and water and eased the steam when it could be spared. Thus together they could be spared. Thus together they coaxed, cajoled, threatened, and goaded the wheeled monster until, like a veritable nerve of life, it seemed to strain every nerve to do their bidding, and whirled them faster and faster.



Seemed suddenly animated with a demonic energy.

and light and comfort, would suddenly be turned into mere shapeless heaps of death. Yet Sylvia cautiously opened her door a little, and held it firmly against the hurricane while she brushed off the snow. At the same time she noticed that the headlights were burning dim.

"The headlights is covered with snow!" she called to the fireman.

The young fellow instantly drew his cap tighter, braced himself and swung open his door. At the first cruel blast, the speed of which was that of the gale added to that of the train, he closed his eyes and held his breath; then, taking his life in his hands, he slipped out upon the wet, treacherous running board of the pitching locomotive, made his way forward, and cleared the glass. Sylvia waited with bated breath until his head appeared in the door again.

"Fire up, please!" she exclaimed, nervously, for the steam had fallen off a pound.

As the twinkling street lamps of Nancyville came into view, Sylvia blew a long blast. But the wind, like some ferocious beast of prey, pounced upon the sound and throttled it in the teeth of the whistle. One-third of one hundred and forty-nine miles, was now gone and still the Overland was ten minutes behind and it seemed as if no human power could make up the time. They were whirling through the Tallulah Hills, where the road was as crooked as a serpent's trail. The engine jerked violently from side to side, and twice Sylvia was nearly thrown from her seat. The wheels savagely ground the rails at every curve, and made them shriek in agony. One side of the engine first mounted upward, like a ship upon a wave, then suddenly sank, as if engulfed.

Yet she dared not slacken speed. The cry of "Time! Time! Time!" was dinned into her ears with every stroke of the piston. Her train was but one cog on one wheel in the vast and complicated machine of transportation. One slip of that cog would rudely jar the whole delicate mechanism from coast to coast.

The train dashed into Carbondale, and Sylvia made out the glowing headlights of the eastbound train, side-tracked and waiting for the belated "Overland." Suppose that the switch were open! She knew that it must be closed, but the sickening possibility presented itself over and over again, with its train of horrors, in the brief space of a few seconds. She held her breath and half closed her eyes as they thundered down upon the other train; and when the engine lurched a little as it struck the switch her heart leaped into her mouth. The suspense was mercifully short, though, for in an instant, they were past the danger, and once more coursed the open country.

In spite of the half pipe of sand which she let run as they climbed Beechtree Hill—the last of the Tal-

lulahs—it seemed to Sylvia as if the locomotive had lost all its vim. Yet the speed was slow, only by contrast, and in reality was terrific. At last, though, the big level of the Barren Plains was gained, and for forty miles—which were reeled off in less than thirty minutes—they swept along like an albatross on the crest of a gale, smoothly and almost noiselessly in the deadening snow.

Sylvia suspected that the engine was doing no better right here than it did every night of the year. Yet, when she glanced from the time table to the clock, as they clicked over the switch points of Melrose she was charged to discover that they were still eight minutes behind. They were now approaching the long twelve mile descent of Four Mile Creek, with a beautiful level stretch at the bottom through the Spirit River Valley. Sylvia came to a grim determination. Half a dozen times previously she had wondered, in her unfamiliarity with heavy trains, if she were falling short of or exceeding the safety limit; and half a dozen times she had been on the point of appealing to the fireman. But her pride, even in that momentous crisis, had restrained her. But just before they struck the grade the responsibility of her determination—contrary, too, to her husband's advice—seemed too much to bear alone.

(To be continued.)

THE TEST OF TIME.

Useful Instead of Ornamental Are the Things Which Survive It.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveler may yet shake his thigh at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with its cedar and its gold and its ivory, yea, even the great Temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another; but the Pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are moldering in dust, but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the wilderness, has long since fallen into decay; but its fountain yet sparkles as brightly in the morning sunlight as when, in days of yore, thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. Thus it is that time, through the instrumentality of successive generations of men, permits the merely ornamental to crumble away to worthless ruin while the truly useful is preserved in all its pristine greatness.

Brief Span of Life.

The mighty ones who wrenched the world with pain
Far in the past,
Attala raging of heaven, and bold Tamerlane—
Where are they now?
The dust of centuries old Time has cast
Above each brow.

Where roams the spirit of the Norman?
Where
The untamed soul
That from the sea, a lion from its lair,
Arose "against England"? Where the banner
The world saw wave
O'er Harold, resting in man's common
Grave?
A narrow grave?

What profits Alexander, now, that he
Across the world
Gave ruin, sorrow, death and misery?
The grim phial, which irresistibly
Moved over the field—
Fast call is dust. The war flags all are
Torn.

Gone every abode!
None lifts his voice and fills the universe
For one short hour
With distant vauntings of his sword or
glory.

For God's answer, for destiny's curse,
Time's stroke is slow;
But when it falls man withers at its power,
And bows him low.

Man's arm is strong; his footstep shakes the land;
His hand is grasp
May hold a mighty nation, but his hand
Withers and falls when stops the running
sand.

In old Time's glass:
Death's finger touch—a shudder—cry—a
roar.
The strong ones pass!
Where is the glory of the sword and
shield?
The bright spear's rust;
Fond hopes, stray where once the legion
waded.
The brave hero turns the battlefield;
The olive tree,
Green badge of peace, may from a Can-
aan's dust
Spring tranquilly.

Oh, you, who would immortalize your
name,
Never soulless eart
Your brother's blood upon the pyre of
shame,
And call the dread black smoke immortal
fame!
Though feared unseen,
The solid mound white marble will out-
last.
And still be green.
—San Francisco Bulletin.

To Pasteurize Milk.

Any housewife can "pasteurize" milk, making it sterile, if she cares to go to a little trouble. Place a quart of cold water on the stove and put the vessel containing the milk into this pan. Just as soon as the water comes to a boil take it off. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot milk, the proportion being a little less than half a teaspoonful to the quart. If the milk is sweet it will remain so for twenty-four hours even in the hottest weather if put in a stoppered bottle. Physicians recommend this method of treating milk for the use of babies in summer.

A Puzzle.

He—Here's a puzzle for you.
She—Let's have it.
He—Give a woman a bunch of photographs to examine, including one of her own, which one will she look at the longest, and why?

Trees and Rainfall.

The minimum rainfall at which trees will grow is twenty inches.

ARE LOSING INTEREST

CUBA AND CANADA NOT EAGER FOR RECIPROCITY.

All Markets Better for Cuba Than One Market Only, While Canada Will Not Sacrifice Her Domestic Industries by Tariff Reductions.

In the following comment by the free trade Springfield Republican there is more of fact than is customary in that newspaper's discussion of tariff matters:

"Cuba is reported to be losing interest in the adoption of reciprocity by the United States. It is finding itself able to get along very tolerably without reciprocity. One of the Minnesota congressmen says the people of that state are becoming more and more concerned about reciprocity with Canada, but Canada's interest in reciprocity, under repeated rebuffs from the United States, has been declining as interest on this side has been increasing."

It is undoubtedly true that Cuba is caring less and less about reciprocity. She never really cared very much about it. The scheme of tying up Cuba with a bargain that in the long run was sure to be a bad one for her, while it was a viciously unfair and injurious bargain for the sugar and tobacco producers of the United States, originated with Havemeyer's Sugar trust. Cuba was not solicitous about the arrangement. Havemeyer was, The Sugar trust literary bureau was for a time successful in exploiting the idea that a moral obligation was involved on the part of the United States. Many sincere and conscientious people supported the reciprocity proposition on that ground solely. They recognized its injustice to a large and important body of domestic producers, but they felt bound to redeem a promise which they were persuaded to believe had been made at some time by somebody. They seem to have lost sight of the fact that nobody had the shadow of a right to make such a promise or the power to

Kingdom. On Monday of this week this very question was under discussion in the house of lords. The cable report says:

"The Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, said the government considered that the time had come when they should endeavor to find some means of ascertaining whether it was possible to obtain closer fiscal union with the colonies; to find some means of protecting them if they were subjected to ill-treatment in consequence of the preferential treatment they granted to the mother country, and to discover means of protecting British interests against inequitable competition."

Closer fiscal union with the colonies and the vital need of discovering "means of protecting British interests against inequitable competition," such is and must be British policy. In these circumstances it is to be for a moment supposed that Canada, for the sake of enriching the manufacturers of the United States, will enter into a reciprocity arrangement that will stifle her own industries and at the same time subject British interests to a still more "inequitable competition" than that which is now complained of? Such a proceeding on Canada's part is out of the question. That is why Canada is losing interest in the reciprocity game. That is why the National Reciprocity league and its Minnesota branch, that is especially devoted to the Canadian part of the project, are wasting their time. All the facts and conditions are against any general scheme of reciprocity between Canada and the United States. There will be reciprocity when Canada becomes an integral part of the United States; not before.

Democratic Opportunities.

Republicans believe in good money, on a gold basis. In the scheme of being unlike, it behooves the Democrats to indorse silver at the Bryan ratio. Republicans believe in protection. Therefore let the Democracy howl for free trade. Republicans believe in prosperity and have labored with success to secure this. The Democratic program, therefore, is to howl in favor

HE WILL NOT BE TEMPTED.



carry it out—that is nobody but the United States congress. There is, we believe, no pretense that congress ever made such a promise.

But the moral obligation plea so shrewdly worked up by the Sugar trust finally flattened out. For a long time past it has been patent to the dullest comprehension that there is no moral obligation in the case; merely a business deal in which a favored number of American manufacturing and commercial interests stand to get greatly the best of the arrangement, while the Cuban people outside of those identified with the affairs of the Sugar trust, and the Tobacco and Cigar trusts, are certain to be injured more by cutting themselves off from the world's markets than they would be benefited by giving to the United States a monopoly of Cuban trade. This is a view now very generally held in Cuba. It explains why Cuba is "losing interest in the adoption of reciprocity by the United States."

Similarly true is the Republican's assertion that "Canada's interest in reciprocity under repeated rebuffs from the United States, has been declining as interest on this side has been increasing." Canada has found out that the United States, even if it would consent to any sort of reciprocity, certainly would not consent to a reciprocity limited strictly to natural products. Both Canada and the United States are sellers of natural products. Neither is a buyer. Canada would have much to gain by such reciprocity. The farmers, lumbermen and fishermen of the United States would be the losers. Finding that no such juggled swap can be made, Canada has naturally lost interest in reciprocity. Nobody in Canada, possibly excepting the farming, lumber and fishing interests, favors reciprocity in manufactures. Reciprocity in manufactures would virtually kill every Canadian manufacturing industry. Reciprocity of this kind, with a preference in favor of the United States, would not fail to bitterly offend Great Britain, to say nothing of Germany, France and the rest of the world. It is doubtful whether the British government would tolerate an arrangement so unfair and so injurious to the manufacturing interests of the United

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Essentially Democratic. The "Iowa idea" gained all its following from those who wanted to attack the tariff as a means of hitting the trusts. The "Iowa idea" represented an effort to lower the prices of commodities that were thought to be too high. It was born when beef cattle were \$8 per hundred pounds. It voiced the sentiment of a non-producing class, purchasers, not sellers. It was a doctrine essentially Democratic, and it had to be put to death for the good of the country and the party. It was popular for a time, as free trade theories always are.—Des Moines Capital.

True Americanism.

Senator Hanna showed his true Americanism in the matter of his daughter's wedding gown. He decided that the material should be American made and all the work connected with the construction of the garment be done in this country. He placed no limit on the expense, but stoutly affirmed that no foreign texture or foreign labor should enter into a make-up of the trousseau. Good for Marcus.—South Bend Tribune.

Missouri Notes

The Lebanon Rustic "discovered" a new rural poet last week, but so far the editor has escaped injury. In an Audrian county graveyard is a tombstone bearing the following inscription: "Here Lies Jim Pitts. He's All In."

If Stone of Mexico was after time when he stole Mrs. R. S. Orear's watch recently, he got it. He is now "doing" ninety days.

According to a Carthage paper, "Shorty" Moore has "resigned his position" at one livery stable to "accept a position at another."

A Kirksville woman wanted to break her husband of smoking a pipe, so she bought him a box of cigars. Now he breaks the cigars up and smokes them in his pipe.

The Hannibal Journal of Saturday told of a woman who "died without medical aid," showing that it is possible to drop off without the assistance of a physician necessary.

Plans for the new penitentiary twine plant are being prepared by the architects. The legislature appropriated \$15,000 for the building, but it is feared this sum will not be sufficient.

A deaf mute was convicted in the St. Louis police court the other day of disturbing the peace by making loud noises. It took him several minutes to comprehend what he had been guilty of.

Editor Ellis of the Vandalia Mail and Express thinks he has discovered the reason why his subscription dollars come in so slowly. "From the way subscribers do not come in and pay up," he says, "they must think that this office keeps a vicious dog."

A Carthage small boy named Pinkerton was injured by the explosion of a cartridge Thursday. Now, who would have thought anybody with that name could have been hurt in that way? 1

Ex-Fire Chief George C. Hale doesn't expect to have much fire fighting to do at the World's fair, but he may be surprised. It is reported that "Fire Alarm" Flannigan of Carthage will spend a month at the exposition. 1

The editor of the Paw Bazaar thinks that this is an exceedingly dull summer, from a news standpoint. He asks the indulgence of his subscribers thus:

Don't cuss at us for lack of news. Naught can be gained by chawin'." Dear friends, outside of politics There's notadaminthingdoin'.

Nevada is the home of one of the pluckiest women in Missouri. Wednesday her husband was buried, and she started out to support herself and six small children. On Thursday she did three family washings. On Friday she arose at daybreak, walked to the country and picked two and one-half gallons of blackberries, which she sold for \$1.25. The same day she did a family washing and got another to do Saturday.

Nine Carthage telephone belles went on a hay ride Friday night. They reported a "hell-o" a time.

A Henry county paper of Friday spoke of a dead citizen as "the defunct"—which, after all, is not much worse than the "deceased."

A stinky Linn county man who "couldn't afford to subscribe" star for his neighbor's home to borrow a Brookfield paper Sunday and broke his leg in a fall from his horse. The moral is apparent.

It is to be hoped that the World's fair commission will place those 209 jars of preserves on the high shelves of the exhibit. The fair's attendance will include several hundred thousand small boys.

Mrs. Harriet Evans and daughters of Nevada have closed their boarding house, which they have conducted since 1881. It is denied that they intend to start a bank.

It is not generally known that Mrs. Henry Clay Dean, widow of the famous "unwashed" Missouri preacher, lecturer and criminal lawyer, is still living. She resides on her homestead in Putnam county.

Editor Adams of the Webb City Sentinel has a 12-year old son who helps set type for the paper. Whenever he embarrasses his father with typographical errors the old man takes him over his knee and spansks him.

A traveler, riding through Ozark county the other day, dismounted from his horse at a farmhouse to get a drink of water. At the well he met the farmer, who went to the house and got a tin cup. As the traveler drank the farmer said: "I don't know's I ought ter let yew use that cup." "Why?" asked the other man. "Wal, it belongs to 'Mandy on she's sick. She's ben drinkin' out'n it." "What's wrong with her?" asked the slightly startled stranger. "Oh, nothin' much, I reckon," answered the native. "It looks a bit like blood poison, but I don't 'spose it's more than a slight tech' o' the smallpox." Then he wondered why the traveler hurried away.

A Booneville negro is in jail for stealing a cow bell. The police think he belongs to a ring of thieves.

Olle Gentry, Governor Dockery's private secretary, says that when he loses his position next year he will go back to the drug business—unless he captures some moderately good Democratic nomination in the meantime.

The "meanest man" in Missouri is the fellow that robbed the hen roost of Editor Darnell of the Advertiser. The other night, a thief who would take a poor country editor's chickens would steal a milk bottle from a hungry baby.